

The Crittenden Press

Volume 44

Marion, Crittenden County, Kentucky, Friday, Dec. 9, 1921

No 21



Farm Bureau Notes

Experiment Station Winnings
Winners of the Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station at the recent International Livestock Exposition represent one of the major accomplishments of the institution in its program for improved live stock in the state according to E. S. Good, head of the animal husbandry department.

On Monday evening Mrs. John Belt gave a surprise birthday party for her son, Freda. The senior class of the Marion High School were the guests of honor as Mr. Belt is a member of this class. After an evening of entertaining games, refreshments consisting of fried chicken, hot biscuits, pickle salad, hot chocolate, lemonade and cake were served.

Those present were: Misses Vida Herkner, Edith Under, Irene Daugherty, Mary Lucy Eveline Moore, Martha Head, Virginia Davis, Linda Coffey, Leon Smith, Marie Taylor, George Thompson, Mrs. Ernest Threlkeld, Paul Tracy, Helen Moore Calvert, Miss Robert Foster and Freda Belt.

MARRIED IN PHILADELPHIA

Dr. D. T. Lewis, of Marion, and Miss Jessie Houston, of Louisville, were married Wednesday of last week, and were married. Dr. Lewis is a gifted young physician and has a large practice. Miss Houston is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Houston of Marion. He is a cultured young man and has many unique qualities. The Press congratulates them.

BAZAR PLANS COMPLETED

The place for the Bazaar to be given at the school building, under the auspices of the School Improvement Club, Friday evening, have been arranged so everything is in line and ready for an evening of wholesome fun as well as a market for all sorts of things one might desire. The proceeds will go for improvements to buy equipment for the school buildings.

The doors will open Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock and remain open until 11 o'clock. The play is to be played in the school auditorium with all that can be done at 8 p.m.

There will be candy barbers, ham sandwiches, fish pie, fancy work for the students. In fact there will be many attractions and make sure that they are too numerous to mention.

This is the last attraction of the School Improvement Club for this year and promises to be the best one they have given.

DECLAMATORY CONTEST

The Crittenden County Declamatory contest was held Friday evening at the Marion High School Auditorium. Educational Division, the and Two were represented.

Mr. John Thompson, representing Brown County, won the first prize, a \$10 gold piece. Miss Ethel Clark, representing Forest Grove School, won the second prize, a five dollar bill.

Miss Ethel was represented by Miss Velma Clark. Each speaker proved himself a worthy contest at.

The High School Orchestra furnished music which added much to the pleasure and was enjoyed by all present.

CAMPBELL-CANNON

A marriage of much interest in a large circle of friends was that of Mr. Jess Campbell, of Marion, to Mr. Thomas F. Cannon, of Paducah, who was easily known and popular during his residence at Marion. Mr. Cannon is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Walker, members of the Marion church.

The two fathers were to be brides of Miss Anna Cannon, of Nashville, Tenn., and brother, Mr. William Padon of Paducah.

After a short stay in Paducah, they are at home to their many friends here by us.

WICHALL-BELT

Mr. Reed Woodall and Miss Margaret Belt were married at the home of the bride's parents, Nov. 24. Rev. J. B. Paris officiating. This popular young couple reside in the Piney Creek section. The groom is a son of Mr. Will Woodall, is a hustling farmer and the bride is the accomplished daughter of Rev. J. D. Belt.

Their many friends wish for them success and happiness.

Farm Bureau Notes

Notice to Our Advertisers

We are planning to issue on Thursday before Christmas a big extra page issue of The Crittenden Press with beautiful colored cover. This will be the last issue of the paper for the year 1921 and at the same time it will be the best and most expensive number we have issued.

To our advertisers the rate in this special issue will be the same as for all other issues. No extra charge, but let us urge that you reserve your space and get your copy in early. Watch for the big issue.

The Crittenden Press

ALMOST COMPLETE RIGHT OF WAY NORTH OF CUMBERLAND

J. E. Massey and Willie Champion went across the Cumberland river last week to get the right of way signed up to the Crittenden county line for the Federal Highway which will probably be let next year. They report good success, most every land owner being willing to give the right of way except four or five persons and it is thought most of them will later on. Some few refused absolutely to give up any ground but of course the court in cases of this kind will condemn the land and assess the damages and go ahead with the road. It should be remembered that the court in deciding in such cases figure the amount the road enhances the value of the land as well as to decide the value of the land taken up for road purposes. Therefore the logical way as well as the quickest is to make it unanimous so that Livingston county will have a model and lasting road through the entire county fit for travel the entire year. Livingston Enterprise.

ELUCTED CITY ATTORNEY

Judge James A. Moore was elected City Attorney for the next term at the meeting of the City Council Monday night. Judge is now in his 60th year and has held this office for fourteen years, and is a prominent attorney at the Marion bar. Two of his sons and two grandsons are practicing attorneys.

The Judge is active and a good citizen. Politically he leans toward the Republican party; religiously he is a Methodist.

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School 9:30 a.m. Let us put joy into the heart of Bro. Frank in next Sunday by filling every pew in the church. Then we shall all be happy and our Lord Jesus will get to himself glory and honor.

Preaching 10:30 A.M. Sermon subject "A Big Inheritance" and a Great Possession.

Evening League 6:00 P.M. We have the material lets make each league a life saving station in the affairs of the Kingdom.

Preaching 7:00 P.M. Sermon subject "Holding God's High Values in the Heart."

We shall sing the fine old hymns, and for the spice of life, we shall add a special number.

Every man gives and gets the glad hand at our church. Are you a man?

SPECIAL MEETING

The Ellis Dedway Post No. 111 of the American Legion will hold a special meeting on next Monday evening December 12, at 7:00 P.M. to elect officers for the year 1922. All members of the Post and all Crittenden County men who served in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps between April 6, 1917 and November 11, 1918, are urged to be present at this important meeting.

The meeting will be held in the Legion's headquarters in the Carson Building in the rooms formerly occupied by T. C. Bennett.

OBITUARY

Martha Bradley Thompson, daughter of Jacob and Nancy Drayton, was born March 15, 1844. She was married to James Bradley, Mar. 3, 1863.

To this union ten children were born three living, B. J. Bradley, Mrs. J. A. Wilson, Mrs. J. M. Conger. Besides her children and grandchildren she leaves one brother to mourn her death. After her first husband's death she was married to J. H. Thomas in who preceded her to his reward five years ago. She professed faith in Christ in early life and joined the Missionary Baptist church at Piney Creek of which she was a faithful member until death. And to all of her afflictions she was never known to murmur and often spoke of the time being near and did not fear death. Mrs. Thompson was a good woman and will be greatly missed by all that knew her.

Funeral services were held at Piney Creek church conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. H. Skinner.

The total offerings were beautiful. Her body was laid to rest in the Piney Creek Cemetery to wait the Resurrection. Sleep not she is not dead but sleepeth.

A FRIEND

The new City Council was installed Monday night. The officers elected are Judge Jas. A. Moore, City Attorney; Miss Katie Yandell, Treasurer; H. C. Franklin, Clerk; W. H. Cannon, Tax Collector and T. J. Wring, Assessor.

NEWS IN BRIEF

After a failure to render a verdict the jury that tried "Fatty" Arkle on the charge of manslaughter, has been dismissed. The date for re-trial has been set for Jan. 9, 1922.

Official reports from the Department of Labor from sixty-five cities show that in forty cities there was an increase in employment.

The average price paid for tobacco at the warehouses in Owensboro this year is \$16.75 per hundred, against an average price of \$14.11 per hundred at the corresponding date last year.

Following a series of shooting scrapes in and near Wichita, Kans., 300 members of the American Legion have volunteered to aid in preserving order in case of emergency.

W. E. Lewis, 30, Pineville merchant, was arrested Sunday night, charged with the murder of Maude Wilson, Pineville waitress. Lewis is charged with having shot Miss Wilson while they were driving in his car.

William Hugh Peal, 21 years old, of LaCenter, a student in the University of Kentucky, has been chosen as the 1922 Rhodes scholar from Kentucky.

Four babies in less than a year is the record of a Taylor county, Texas, family. Early this year a baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Young. A few days ago three more boys arrived simultaneously. The mother is 30 years old and now has ten children.

Charge that Republican candidates of Breathitt county conspired to send armed men into various precincts to intimidate voters, resulting in the wounding or killing of 15 persons in one precinct, including three election officers, were made in a suit filed in Jackson, Ky., by Bryce Cundiff, Democrat, contesting the seat of James Johnson in the Legislature.

Fewer than half of the population above the age of ten, of Kentucky is engaged in "gainful occupation", figures announced by the Census Bureau show.

Lightning recently struck an iron bed in the home of T. H. Auerbaugh, Kuttawa, in which his children were sleeping. The children were unharmed and were not awakened by the bolt.

Kentucky farmers are better off than farmers in almost any other state in the Union, according to a statement made by Geoffrey Morgan, State Secretary of the Kentucky Farm Bureau Federation. Mr. Morgan made this statement after hearing reports of other State Secretaries at the National Farm Bureau meeting held at Atlanta.

The District Court at London, Ky., sentenced Rev. Singleton, Harlan county, to three years in Federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., for refusing to return a registered package containing \$2,000 that was handed him by mistake.

Robert A. Widenmann, of New York, has filed in the Supreme Court a brief in a case in which he seeks to have the National Prohibition Amendment declared unconstitutional.

Proceedings were begun in Daviess County Court by the County Attorney and its taxpayers Saturday to have Sheriff George W. Bates refund to the County Treasury \$22,000 alleged to have been paid to him in excess of the constitutional compensation allowed to his office.

FISCAL COURT

The Fiscal Court met Tuesday with Judge R. L. Moore and Alty. Jas. A. Moore with all the Magistrates present. The general routine of business was transacted and it adjourned to meet December 27 for the last session of the present court.

NEW CITY COUNCIL

The new City Council was installed Monday night. The officers elected are Judge Jas. A. Moore, City Attorney; Miss Katie Yandell, Treasurer; H. C. Franklin, Clerk; W. H. Cannon, Tax Collector and T. J. Wring, Assessor.

HENRY-GASS

The wedding, Nov. 16, at the home of Rev. Randolph Ladd in this city, Mrs. Nina Henry and the Rev. George Gass, of Birmingham, were happily married. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Ladd, his son, pastor, and impulsive minister.

The bride is a popular young lady, and the groom is a well known minister who is now attending Bethel College at Russellville. Princeton Leader.

WEDDING

Mr. Luther Hughes and Miss Jessie Jewell were united in matrimony on November 20 at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Alvin Walker. Rev. O. M. Capshaw performed the rites that made them one. Quite a number of friends of the contracting parties were present.

The bride is a favorite among her many friends and the groom is an industrious young farmer.

NEW OIL STATION

The new oil station of this city is to be located in the new oil station. The new station will be located on East Main Street near the railroad. Mr. Paul Gass will have charge of it.

COCKTAILS FOR SALE

S. C. White and Dark Brown Leghorn Premium winners. Excellent egg strain. M. L. Kennedy's Poultry Farm, Route 1, Sullivan, Ky.

and pure breed stock raising in America all in two days driving. The famous "Lincoln Highway" passes our door.

With honest and good wishes for road roads and the welfare of yourself and estimable wife, and wishing you lots of turkey, cranberry sauce, and good cheer on this Thanksgiving day, I beg to remain,

Your friend, M. A. WILSON

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

Marion, Ky., Dec. 9, 1921

Published every Friday by
W. F. HOGARD & SONS
R. E. WILHORN, Mgr. Job Dept.

Entered as second-class matter
February 9th, 1878, at the postoffice
at Marion, Kentucky, under the Act
of Congress of March 3d, 1877.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
In County and Zone One . . . \$1.50
Zone Two and Beyond . . . \$2.00

MOONSHINE.

It is reported that there is bootlegging and drinking in Marion, also that there are stills in operation in the county. Whether or not these reports are true the writer is not prepared to say. He has not seen or smelled any effects of liquor for these three years with the exception of one or two instances. On full days when big crowds of people are in town this writer has failed to see the effects of liquor among the crowd. Order and quiet and good will have prevailed.

But if there is bootlegging and distilling it ought to be and must be stopped. By a general action of the officers and citizens it can and should be broken up.

It looks now that Great Britain and Ireland would come to terms after years of conflict and war. It is to be hoped they do.

Congress convened again this week and began to do a long tedious session. Partisan politics will doubtless rule and little be done.

The Disarmament Conference is still in session at Washington. It is to be hoped that some progress will be made. No doubt good has already been accomplished by this conference though the disarmament may not be accomplished. It will be some time later. The people can wait and will not bear up under such unnecessary burdens always.

DEANWOOD

Mr. Alfie Cannan was the guest of Mr. T. L. Walker and family Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Stenbridge visited Mr. G. Hunt and family the week end.

Mrs. Ruth Walker and children spent Saturday with her mother, Mrs. S. J. Morse.

Mr. Herman Travis was the guest of his brother, Mr. Ewell Travis of Wheatcroft Saturday night.

Mr. Avril Hodges visited Rev. C. McConnell one night last week.

Miss Jessie Travis spent one day last week with Mr. J. M. Travis.

Mensis Willis and Carlton Gilbert and R. E. Eaton were guests of T. L. Walker and family Sunday.

Mrs. Alma McConnell visited Mrs. Buford Vanhoover one day last week.

Miss Wilma Walker spent last week with Mrs. Rebecca Walker.

Mesena Virgil and Herschel Alexander were guests of G. D. Lamb and family Sunday.

Miss Freddie Travis visited her mother one night last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Hunt and children spent one night last week with Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Stenbridge.

Buying your clothes clean doesn't make you any better, but it certainly does make you look better.

Everybody wants to look good to Santa, so let me suggest that you call National Dry Cleaners today.

GET YOUR SUITS CLEAN FOR XMAS

The work will please you, and the price is right.

Let us do your Repair Work
Let us do your Dyeing
Let us do your Cleaning
Let us do your Pressing

National Dry Cleaners

Tel. 148

L. E. YATES, Prop.

Tel. 118

CASAD

Gilliam, Derry went to Marion Wednesday.

Mrs. Ruth Carter and children visited at the home of Mrs. V. V. Wednesday.

Seldon Adworth and daughter, Max and Eddie left for Louisville Thursday.

Mrs. Ed Cook, who has been visiting in Marion for several days, returned home Friday of last week.

Mrs. Hardin is very sick, the mother of her daughter, Mrs. Hunter.

Virgil Cook was in Marion Friday. Bay Laundry went to Marion Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Franklin and daughter, a local resident, were here the week end.

Dr. Davis, of Tolu, was visiting on Saturday. Mrs. Hardin Saturday.

Mr. C. Hunter of Tolu, Marion Saturday.

W. R. Williams spent the week end with his family in Marion.

SALEM

The Kress Stock Co. had been giving a series of plays here recently. Judge Hester was here Saturday.

John Quigley, a resident of Scotland, the son of

Mrs. Hendrick Morrison, and Quigley, Jr., are visiting from Ithaca.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Butler visited relatives in Fredericksburg and Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Haynes were in Marion Saturday.

The High School girls will play here Saturday and

OBITUARY

Everette Eugene H. H. was born September 5, 1901, one and one-half miles south of Marion. He was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Humphrey and the only grandchild of Mrs. N. M. H. He died in his earthly home on the 24th and 25th days. His God in his wisdom saw fit to rapture the little flower of his heavenly home.

November 1, 1911, he was born in the Campbell town yard, Marion, where a host of relatives and friends met the birth and name of his last resting place to pay their last respects of respect.

He was a short time in the grave.

All was done for Eugene that earthly parents could do, his God in his wisdom answered the day of his birth but he found his way into the hearts of all he met. He was a bright, cheery boy, who could bring a smile to any face that was dimmed with sorrow. He was dark hair, brown eyes, brown skin, and we want to be sure to find a place for him. "Thou art O Lord my God. Verily, an only trust in God and death in heaven."

We send our deepest sympathy and friends, for our loss in his earthly gain.

May God's richest blessings be on the family in my prayer.

"A place is vacant in my heart. A voice we loved to hear. There is a dark void in my heart. That never can be filled."

YANDELL-GUGENHEIM COMPANY

We have the goods and the prices that bring the bacon home. Whatever you may need in the way of merchandise...

STOP HERE -- LOOK HERE
PRICE HERE!

We have always the BEST for the LEAST!

SUITS--OVERCOATS--PANTS

For Work or Play--For Father or Son

We have a style for every man. We have a suit, overcoat, trousers for all sizes--men, young men and boys--the best of style, the lowest of prices.



Clean Up Sale of
Ladies' Coats and Suits
Misses' and Children's Coats
Buy Here and Save Your Dollars!

Rugs, Druggets and Linoleums New Patterns -- New Prices

We always have the large stock to select from, and when you buy from us you get dependable goods.

Dry Goods Silks Cotton Goods

Shoes for Every Foot

Underwear Hats Caps Notions

And you can find your Xmas gifts here. They are what you want and not expensive

DYCUSBURG

Mr. Chapman of Kuttawa, was here several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis of Kuttawa were here.

Miss Mary Dennis of Kuttawa returned home Tuesday after a week's vacation with friends and relatives.

Miss Dennis Dennis spent Thanksgiving at Kuttawa.

Miss Dennis Dennis expects the week end the return of Misses Eva and Telma Clegg.

Miss Jessie Cooksey is visiting at Kuttawa.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. L. were here Saturday.

There will be a fair paper at the Hotel Saturday night.

Mr. R. L. Butler spent this week here.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Thursday night and Saturday at her home. Those present were Misses Pearl, Irene, Tina, Charles, of Louisville, Charles and Anna, Lillian, Anna, Anna Bennett, Frank, Charles, Ruth, Howard, Beulah, Anna, Tina, Charles and Herbert.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. L. were here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis of Kuttawa were here Saturday.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

Miss Estelle Farquhar gathered a crowd of young people Saturday night at her home.

The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

woman, if you had an education?"

Hale Littleford pursued with child-like eagerness. "And what uncles you want me to be such a splendid woman?"

Hale lifted his gray eyes and answered hotly frankly:

"Because I expect to marry you some day."

Hale Littleford flushed deeply. Her eyes were glad, filled with relishing if he didn't love her now, at least just a weeny tiny bit, he wouldn't be thinking of marrying her some day, certainly, and this conviction made her happier than she had ever been in all her life before. She wished with all that she could bring him with all her might—and she had a big notion to do it. But what would he think of her?

Well, there would come a day when she would never hug him with all her might. She would simply break his blessed bones, almost.

"Will you go to Patricia tomorrow?" he asked.

She really believed that she ought to go. But the thought of leaving him was more hateful than ever, now that she knew he meant to marry her. She strove to change the subject:

"See that little, teeny flower over there—that little, teeny blue one?" she asked, pointing. "That's a day-flower. It's the prettiest blue of any. They call it a dayflower because it don't last but just one single day." And again, pointing. "See that little, teeny, purple flower over there of them twisted laurels? That's called Jacob's ladder, and they don't last but one day, neither. That's a real spider thing in bee-balm over yonder at the McMurphy is a showplace. I turned the names out of a book. Major Bradley taught me. Didn't we better be a go-together today? It'll be a comin' dark party soon, won't it?"

Hale Hale. "Will you go back to Patricia tomorrow?"

"I've been a wonderlful," murmured Hale. "Which is proper, Bill, but or bust?"

Hale spoke quickly. "Hust for you, hust for me. Will you go back to Patricia?"

Patricia Hale Littleford drew a long breath and smiled.

"Yes, Master Hale," she answered sweetly. "I will. I'll go where—where you want me to go, if it's to torment. Now tell me how it comes that I shall my parents and their injuries as if I am a witness in a jug, while we walk on?"

When Hale returned to John Moreland's cabin from leaving seen Hale Littleford sadly to her father's door, he found Major Bradley and his Heck waiting at the gate. Heck had some important bad news he said.

"Hatter not tell me about it, until after supper," replied Hale. "I'm as hungry as you ever were, H."

They went in to sit down to one of the best meals Andie Moreland had ever prepared. When they sat finished eating John Moreland led the way into the best room, where they took chairs. The major produced cigar. He Heck, smiling with a feeling of glee, lit the wrong end of his weed, tooted Hale and began to unburden his mind of its weight of information.

"Well, Bill old boy, he began, and then stopped to wonder why his cigar wouldn't smoke so well as the majors.

"Well, Bill old boy," he went on busily. "Henderson heft, he's short been as busy as a squirrel in a bonnie-bee's nest. I can't see what's what's wrong with this here—ever. He went in and hung about two to five Torreys from the place known as Jenkins' and Hartman's hole, to help work his mine when he's all. The Torreys is part Indian, Cherokee Indians, and I've heard it said as they are bad or worse, can't make broth."

John Bradley knew a little of some upward "tricks" of the kind, of Bill, perhaps, he said.

"I'm bound to think so," the old tolls said this. "Well, well would trouble as this as we decently can, and when we can no longer get around it, well call in as much of the law as we can get and meet it half way, Bill Hayes?"

"Hure," nodded the mining expert.

Hale was on his way to the new cabin the following morning when he met Henderson. Again Hale was forcibly reminded of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. He stopped out of the trail, stopped and spoke with apparent good humor. Hale passed him with a word.

Then the shyster coal man called out, "Ready to sell yet?"

The Moreland Coal company's manager halted and faced about with a parbering of his brows.

"For a fair price, yes."

"Just what would you call a fair price?"

"Oh, somewhere between two and three hundred thousand," promptly Hale snuffed, and the corners of his mouth came down.

"You don't want much. You won't get it from me!"

"I don't want it from you."

Hale turned and went on. He was sorry that he had stopped to talk with the fellow.

That afternoon he again met Goff in the trail. The bare sight of the shyster made him very angry now and his right hand fell upon the butt of the big revolver from his holster and cocked it. With an steady a hand as ever held a weapon trained, he began to take aim of Hale's sunshat hat, the butt of which was in plain view at one side of the scrubby oak.

"See here," he said sharply. "You've about cut your little swath. We've had enough of you. You can't get this out of my price, and the sooner you get yourself out of this country the better and safer it will be for you to do that. I'm going to see to that you the very next time I see you. Now move on!"

Hale went off laughing wickedly. All, all right, Hale; go ahead and build the little road for me!" he said.

Late that night every sleeper in the valley of the Doe was awakened by a great, rumbling explosion, which was followed almost immediately by another great, rumbling explosion. Before the reverberations had died away, Hill Hale had dressed himself and was standing on the vine-hung front porch, and he was only a few seconds ahead of John Moreland.

Then there came the tearing sound of heavy explosion miles to the eastward.

"Do you know what it is?" inquired the mountaineer.

"They've struck our dynamite from the tobacco barn and blown up the office and supplies building and the commissary building, also they've blown up the big trellis near the olding," Hale answered.

"Ate my guess, too," said Moreland.

Within the next half hour Hale and Hayes, Major Bradley, and the mountaineers of the Morelands and the Littlefords had gathered around the wreck of the two big, unfinished frame buildings. Hale blamed himself much for having left dynamite unguarded in the tobacco barn—but nobody else blamed him for it.

"It's time to let the law in," he said when he had扫ed the jumbled mass of broken planks and timbers by the light of lanterns. He turned to alight Hale Moreland.

"You get on my horse and ride to Catterville for the sheriff. Tell him he can get the best posse in the world right here, if he needs one. It's the proper thing, isn't it, major?"

"Yes," said Major Bradley. "It's the proper thing. You've got a real grievance now. But I fancy Goff had nothing to do with this; he is so shrewd enough to know that a thing like this would cook his goose. Goff has been playing a bluff game all along, you know. Some Halls or some Torreys, perhaps a mixture of both, have done this without Goff knowing anything about it. I'd have Sheriff Flowers arrest several of the Halls and several of the Torreys, and try to prove them into turning state's evidence to save themselves."

The major faltered in a low tone, because of the probability for consequences, and to this he was wise.

"We'll do that," Hale decided.

He faced Hayes, his right-hand man, and began to give orders like a veteran general manager. The men were to take their rifles with them to work in the morning but they were to fire shot unless it was in defense of life or property. In the morning every available wagon in the valley was to be sent to the little sawmill that was in operation ten miles toward the lowland for more building material.

He Heck joined them then. He guessed just what had happened, plucked at Hale's sleeve and whistled.

"Spoon I takes a meat of two to ward them downtown, unshamed, knock-kneed, dethroned Holly and Torreys and fuds out what I can find out, boy, Bill?"

The answer came readily: "Sure, you be do itive. But be careful that you don't lose anything for us, y' know, if you don't gain anything."

He Heck and his rifle disappeared in the darkness of the mountain night.

A little after work time that day, Hill Hale started alone on the way of the narrow-gauge railroad for the siding. He wished to see for himself just what the damage had been to the trellis, and he hoped to meet Goff, or a Hall, or a Torrey, and learn something that would be to his advantage.

Before he had covered two miles, he had seen two of the enemy skating through the woods, and he recognized them for Torreys from Jerusalem Mine and Hutton's Hill, he knew it by their very swarthy skin, their high foreheads and their coarse black hair, the intercropping of the therefore Indian blood in them. They looked cunning and wicked. Hale loosened in his holster the big revolver that Major Bradley had persuaded him to carry for his own protection. John Moreland had taught him how to use firearms.

At a point near where the little stream that flowed past the Halfway switch emptied into the Doe river, where Doe river turned almost squarely to the left, Hale halted abruptly. He had seen a man dort behind a scrubby oak some thirty yards ahead of him; quite naturally, he concluded that the fellow meant to waylay him, and he, too, stepped behind a tree, a big hemlock.

A silent minute went by. Then Hale put his hat out on one side of the tree and peeped from the other side; it was an old trick that grandpap Moreland had told him about. A rifle cracked promptly and sharply, and a bullet-hole appeared in the rim of his hat.

A silent minute went by. Then Hale put his hat out on one side of the tree and peeped from the other side; it was an old trick that grandpap Moreland had told him about. A rifle cracked promptly and sharply, and a bullet-hole appeared in the rim of his hat.

Following it, there came the coarse, bass voice of Black Adam Hale, the mountaineer Goliath:

"You don't want much. You won't get it from me!"

"I don't want it from you."

Hale turned and went on. He was sorry that he had stopped to talk with the fellow.

That afternoon he again met Goff in the trail. The bare sight of the shyster made him very angry now and his right hand fell upon the butt of the big revolver from his holster and cocked it. With an steady a hand as ever held a weapon trained, he began to take aim of Hale's sunshat hat, the butt of which was in plain view at one side of the scrubby oak.

"See here," he said sharply. "You've about cut your little swath. We've had enough of you. You can't get this out of my price, and the sooner you get yourself out of this country the better and safer it will be for you to do that. I'm going to see to that you the very next time I see you. Now move on!"

Hale went off laughing wickedly. All, all right, Hale; go ahead and build the little road for me!" he said.

Late that night every sleeper in the valley of the Doe was awakened by a great, rumbling explosion, which was followed almost immediately by another great, rumbling explosion. Before the reverberations had died away, Hill Hale had dressed himself and was standing on the vine-hung front porch, and he was only a few seconds ahead of John Moreland.

Then there came the tearing sound of heavy explosion miles to the eastward.

"Do you know what it is?" inquired the mountaineer.

"They've struck our dynamite from the tobacco barn and blown up the office and supplies building and the commissary building, also they've blown up the big trellis near the olding," Hale answered.

"Ate my guess, too," said Moreland.

Within the next half hour Hale and Hayes, Major Bradley, and the mountaineers of the Morelands and the Littlefords had gathered around the wreck of the two big, unfinished frame buildings. Hale blamed himself much for having left dynamite unguarded in the tobacco barn—but nobody else blamed him for it.

"It's time to let the law in," he said when he had扫ed the jumbled mass of broken planks and timbers by the light of lanterns. He turned to alight Hale Moreland.

"You get on my horse and ride to Catterville for the sheriff. Tell him he can get the best posse in the world right here, if he needs one. It's the proper thing, isn't it, major?"

"Yes," said Major Bradley. "It's the proper thing. You've got a real grievance now. But I fancy Goff had nothing to do with this; he is so shrewd enough to know that a thing like this would cook his goose. Goff has been playing a bluff game all along, you know. Some Halls or some Torreys, perhaps a mixture of both, have done this without Goff knowing anything about it. I'd have Sheriff Flowers arrest several of the Halls and several of the Torreys, and try to prove them into turning state's evidence to save themselves."

The major faltered in a low tone, because of the probability for consequences, and to this he was wise.

"We'll do that," Hale decided.

He faced Hayes, his right-hand man, and began to give orders like a veteran general manager. The men were to take their rifles with them to work in the morning but they were to fire shot unless it was in defense of life or property. In the morning every available wagon in the valley was to be sent to the little sawmill that was in operation ten miles toward the lowland for more building material.

He Heck joined them then. He guessed just what had happened, plucked at Hale's sleeve and whistled.

"Spoon I takes a meat of two to ward them downtown, unshamed, knock-kneed, dethroned Holly and Torreys and fuds out what I can find out, boy, Bill?"

The answer came readily: "Sure, you be do itive. But be careful that you don't lose anything for us, y' know, if you don't gain anything."

He Heck and his rifle disappeared in the darkness of the mountain night.

A little after work time that day, Hill Hale started alone on the way of the narrow-gauge railroad for the siding. He wished to see for himself just what the damage had been to the trellis, and he hoped to meet Goff, or a Hall, or a Torrey, and learn something that would be to his advantage.

Before he had covered two miles, he had seen two of the enemy skating through the woods, and he recognized them for Torreys from Jerusalem Mine and Hutton's Hill, he knew it by their very swarthy skin, their high foreheads and their coarse black hair, the intercropping of the therefore Indian blood in them. They looked cunning and wicked. Hale loosened in his holster the big revolver that Major Bradley had persuaded him to carry for his own protection. John Moreland had taught him how to use firearms.

At a point near where the little stream that flowed past the Halfway switch emptied into the Doe river, where Doe river turned almost squarely to the left, Hale halted abruptly. He had seen a man dort behind a scrubby oak some thirty yards ahead of him; quite naturally, he concluded that the fellow meant to waylay him, and he, too, stepped behind a tree, a big hemlock.

A silent minute went by. Then Hale put his hat out on one side of the tree and peeped from the other side; it was an old trick that grandpap Moreland had told him about. A rifle cracked promptly and sharply, and a bullet-hole appeared in the rim of his hat.

Following it, there came the coarse, bass voice of Black Adam Hale, the mountaineer Goliath:

"You don't want much. You won't get it from me!"

"I don't want it from you."

Hale turned and went on. He was sorry that he had stopped to talk with the fellow.

That afternoon he again met Goff in the trail. The bare sight of the shyster made him very angry now and his right hand fell upon the butt of the big revolver from his holster and cocked it. With an steady a hand as ever held a weapon trained, he began to take aim of Hale's sunshat hat, the butt of which was in plain view at one side of the scrubby oak.

"See here," he said sharply. "You've about cut your little swath. We've had enough of you. You can't get this out of my price, and the sooner you get yourself out of this country the better and safer it will be for you to do that. I'm going to see to that you the very next time I see you. Now move on!"

Hale went off laughing wickedly. All, all right, Hale; go ahead and build the little road for me!" he said.

Late that night every sleeper in the valley of the Doe was awakened by a great, rumbling explosion, which was followed almost immediately by another great, rumbling explosion. Before the reverberations had died away, Hill Hale had dressed himself and was standing on the vine-hung front porch, and he was only a few seconds ahead of John Moreland.

Then there came the tearing sound of heavy explosion miles to the eastward.

"Do you know what it is?" inquired the mountaineer.

"They've struck our dynamite from the tobacco barn and blown up the office and supplies building and the commissary building, also they've blown up the big trellis near the olding," Hale answered.

"Ate my guess, too," said Moreland.

He stopped and picked up his son's black slouch hat and examined it. There were two bullet holes close together in the rim of the slouch hat.

"I found you son back there in the hills," he said. "I found that hat."

"I found your son back there in the hills," he said.

"I found your son back there in the hills," he said.

"I found your son back there in the hills," he said.

"I found your son back there in the hills," he said.

"I found your son back there in the hills," he said.

"I found your son back there in the hills," he said.

"I found your son back there in the hills," he said.

"I found your son back there in the hills," he said.

"I found your son back there in the hills," he said.

"I found your son back there in the hills," he said.

"I found your son back there in the hills," he said.

"I

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughes
Editor, Marion News-Gazette

"Say it With Flowers"



LEVIA'S

Press Hillman, of Marion, died in Marion Tuesday.

Mrs. Edna Suggs, of Marion, visiting her mother, Mrs. Hillman, died Tuesday.

Frank Hunt and wife returned to Marion.

Mrs. Steve Suggs died May 15 Hillman Friday.

Coy Hillman, son of his father's farm at the place.

Mrs. Lorraine Vassell and children of Livingstone, recently moved to relatives near this place the past week.

J. T. Mathews, a young boy in this section.

Cecil Suggs, a boy from Hominy Thursday of last week.

Ed Newbold, wife and daughters went to Marion Saturday.

Misses Carol and Linda Suggs attended church at Pleasant Grove Sunday.

Shelly Mathews and family visited Coy Hill and wife Saturday and Sunday.

Joe Hunt and son have moved to his farm in the country.

Messengers, Lila Carter and Belle Carrigan and little son, visited Mrs. Mary Hughes Schaefer and Sunday.

Charles Murray and family visited Boca Hunt and family Sunday.

Henry and Bill Haskins and Walter O'Neal visited Wm. D. Haskins and family Sunday.

LUNGARIA is "without a rival" in ordinary or deep-seated aches and colds difficult treating and for the relief of Whooping Cough. The wonderful results following its use will astound you and make you life-long friend. You money back if you have ever used a real Danger Lurks where there is a cough or cold. Conquer it easily with LUNGARIA. Safe for all ages 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. Mail ordered by Lungaria Co., Dallas, Texas.

For sale by

HAYNES & TAYLOR

**DO YOUR TALKING
OVER THE
—HOME—
LONG DISTANCE
QUICK FOR BEST RESULTS
ECONOMICAL**

I. H. CLEMENT,

Physician and Surgeon

Office in Marion Bank Building

Gilchrist & Gilchrist

Refractive Specialists

EYES AND NERVES

Hours 8 to 12 A. M. 1 to 3 P. M.

Office: First Floor, Marion Hotel

GOING IT TOO HARD

C. M. Dian's kidney disease, he says, "I have had very good results from Dian's Kidney Pills. I have been troubled with my kidneys. I have done a great deal of hard work and I have tried to exercise and eat right. At times my back bothered me dreadfully and I take cold, causing severe pains in my kidneys. I am a heavy user and get rid of the trouble by taking Dian's Kidney Pills. I get Dian's at Haynes and Taylor's Drug Store and it only takes a few to straighten me up and relieve the backache. Dian's are a good kidney remedy and I am glad to recommend them to all dealers. Foster, Marion Co., for Buffalo, N. Y. —Advertisement

Restaurant

Good Meals for 25¢
Give Us A Trial

Mrs. G. E. Boston & Son
Next door to H. V. Stone
Marion Kentucky

GLENDALE

Bro. Cap had preached an evangel service here Friday night to a large congregation.

Mrs. Jewel Walker and Mr. L. L. Walker were married at the home of the bride's father, Mr. A. J. Walker, Tuesday night, Nov. 16 by Bro. Capshaw of Toledo.

Mrs. Gertrude Walker of Marion, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. S. S. Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Clark and children visited in Florida Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. F. M. Davidson, of Marion, visited Mrs. Mabel Moore Tuesday last week.

Mrs. Eva Lynn and brother, Earle, went to Marion Saturday.

Mrs. Robert Thomas and grand daughter, Tracy Rhea, were in Marion on Thursday of last week.

Lee Hughes is very ill with pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Harley visited their daughter, Mrs. Will Todd, Sunday.

Jim Moore and family visited his father, Mr. Cole Moore, Sunday.

Mrs. Mattie Landry was the guest of Miss Ethel Thomas last Sunday.

Miss Geneva Armstrong was the guest of Narline and Elmer Stallions Sunday.

Moses Hyrdie and Bonnie Landry and Sonie Bell spent last Sunday with Miss Davie Harley.

Miss Jim Armstrong visited Mrs. Mrs. Hatcher Sunday.

Miss Davie Harley went to Tolu Monday.

Miss Crystal Hughes spent the week end with her brother, Watson, of Siloam.

BELMONT

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Crayne spent Wednesday of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Garrett Boyd.

Mr. Herman Brown went to Marion Saturday on business.

Edie and Diane Brown spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. George M. Munn.

Velma Brown spent the day with Mildred Hill.

Mrs. Ellie Jones was called to the bedside of her mother, Mrs. John Tucker.

Lola Brown spent Saturday night and Sunday with Ada Andrews.

Norman Brown spent Saturday and Sunday with Eldred and Earl James.

Adie Andrews spent Friday with her sister, Mrs. Ernest Asher.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Brown spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Argie Ogle.

Elmer Travis of Providence spent the day last week with Mr. and Mrs. Hatcher.

FOREST GROVE

Mr. Ed. Simpson visited Mrs. Anna Goss Tuesday.

Mrs. Catherine Terry and Helen Terry visited at Forest Grove Sunday.

Mr. Eddie Price and Mr. J. C. Price visited Marion Monday.

Mrs. Gladys Clark and Virginia Terry were guests of Edie Walker Monday.

Mr. M. E. Goss spent the day with his mother, Mrs. Anna Goss.

The little one of Ed. Herring died Saturday Monday.

PINEY CREEK

Mrs. A. Williams and children visited Mr. Ed. Terry and family Sunday.

Lea Brown visited Ada Andrews Saturday and Sunday.

J. O. Bell visited W. A. W. Hill.

Moses Lee and Mary Evans and C. Elkin visited Mr. and Mrs. Evans Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed Womack visited J. O. Bell Sunday night.

Mr. Jim Lewis, Hill and family have moved to Mr. Harley's farm.

Mr. Charles Suggs visited Mr. and Mrs. Maxine Monday.

Mr. Fred Haskins and family were in town.

Miss Marcella McGee with the girls of the church were in Marion Saturday.

Mr. Fred Haskins was in Franklin Sunday.

Mr. Alvin Suggs' mother from Indiana to Marion Saturday.

Miss Douglas Brown was the guest of Miss Nettie McFee Sunday.

The Rev. Mr. Lewis spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. Martin Campbell.

The Lemmons, Houghs, and a host of players met Sunday night at Holloway's.

The sun burner at Marion was made a success. The benefit went to the church.

Mr. Carl P. Potts, who has been a circuit breaker, has come to Marion.

Mr. Eddie Walker of Marion, Mr. Ed. Terry, Mrs. Anna Goss, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Womack, visited Mrs. Anna Goss Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Womack and children visited Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Walker Saturday.

UNION GROVE

Mr. Lester Linton and Miss H. Estelle visited their mother, Mr. and Mrs. Canada last Saturday.

Mr. Reed Womack and Mrs. Mary Lee were married in Marion Tuesday of last week.

Mr. H. H. and Ruth Haskins and Mrs. Elizabeth and Marion Saturday.

Miss James Wigginton visited his mother at Cayne Saturday.

Mrs. H. N. Cannon was in town Saturday on business.

Mr. Johnson and Miss Haskins for the were married on Tuesday of last week.

HAFFAW MINES

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Haskins are the proud parents of a fine still born baby, Campbell, the first of the last week.

Mr. Fred Haskins and family were in town.

Miss Marcella McGee with the girls of the church were in Marion Saturday.

Mr. Fred Haskins was in Franklin Sunday.

Mr. Alvin Suggs' mother from Indiana to Marion Saturday.

Miss Douglas Brown was the guest of Miss Nettie McFee Sunday.

The Rev. Mr. Lewis spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. Martin Campbell.

The Lemmons, Houghs, and a host of players met Sunday night at Holloway's.

**Just
Remember
that
We
Will Be**

**Headquarters for
HOLIDAY GOODS**

H. L. LAMB

BLACKFORD, KENTUCKY

STROUSE & BROS.

For "HIS" Gift

The Largest Men's and Boys' store in Southern Indiana, home with hundreds of articles that will make suitable and beautiful gifts for men and boys. Come in and see the extensive collections we have to offer.

For men's suits, coats, belts, ties, shirts, socks, hats, umbrellas, etc.

Strouse & Bros.
Evansville, Ind.

Parcel Post
Mail Order

Same Day
Delivery
to M.R.A. Men

At This Season of the Year
The trees drop their leaves and all nature
prepares for the coming winter.

Nature is always looking toward the future.

It is time to prepare for the future.

Do you realize how cheap Fire Insurance
really is? Ask us.

Crider & Woods Co.

C. W. LAMB
MISS NELLIE WALKER
MARION, KY.